

THE JEALOUS GIRLFRIEND



CHAPTER 7

FICTION

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The Jealous Girlfriend Ch. 7

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Texts went unanswered. Calls were not returned. Becky could sense that her boyfriend and his mother were slipping through her fingers. Her plan had been to assert control by driving them together. Exposing their base instincts was supposed to degrade them and sap their will.

It hadn't worked.

To her twenty-three messages sent, she'd only received one reply. It was from Brad and it read *can't talk, too busy with Mom*. Becky had made a mistake. Her plan should have been to divide and conquer. She should have kept them separate. But it was too late. A deep melancholy fell over Becky.

On Monday, Brad wasn't at school. He never cut classes. They were both eighteen and could sanction their own absences, but Brad was too much of a goody-goody to do that. Becky had no such qualms. She marched right down to the school office, handed the secretary a note, and hustled to her car. It was time she paid Brad and Tracy a visit.

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When they returned home on Sunday after spending the night at Becky's, mother and son agreed that it had been temporary insanity induced by the drugs. What happened at Becky's house would stay at Becky's house. Without the drugs, everything would return to normal.

That lasted about two hours. Brad couldn't forget a second that he'd spent inside his mom. He stared at her constantly as they helped his dad with the shed. Whenever she caught him staring at her, she blushed profusely. Despite how many times he'd cum in the last twenty-four hours, his erection wouldn't quit. When his dad crawled under the shed to do some wiring, Brad felt his willpower snap.

"Let's go into the house, Mom," Brad whispered. He stepped up behind her, placed one hand on her belly, one on her boob, and rubbed himself against her ass.

"Oh, my." Tracy was staring at her husband's feet as they poked out from the crawl space. When her son grabbed her, her brain went into shock. It took her a moment to realize her vagina had flooded in response. She didn't move away, but instead wiggled her butt back into her son.

"What was that, dear?" Her husband's voice was muffled by the tight space.

"Nothing ... nothing." She put her hand on Brad's and pressed his grip into her breast. Tracy knew what she was about to do, and it astounded her. The seductive power of Becky's drugs paled in comparison to the primal power she felt toward Brad. "Brad and I have to go. You finish the shed on your own, dear." She cut off her husband before he could complain. "Take your time with the project." She removed Brad's hand from her boob, held it tight, and dragged him back toward the house. "We'll check on you later."

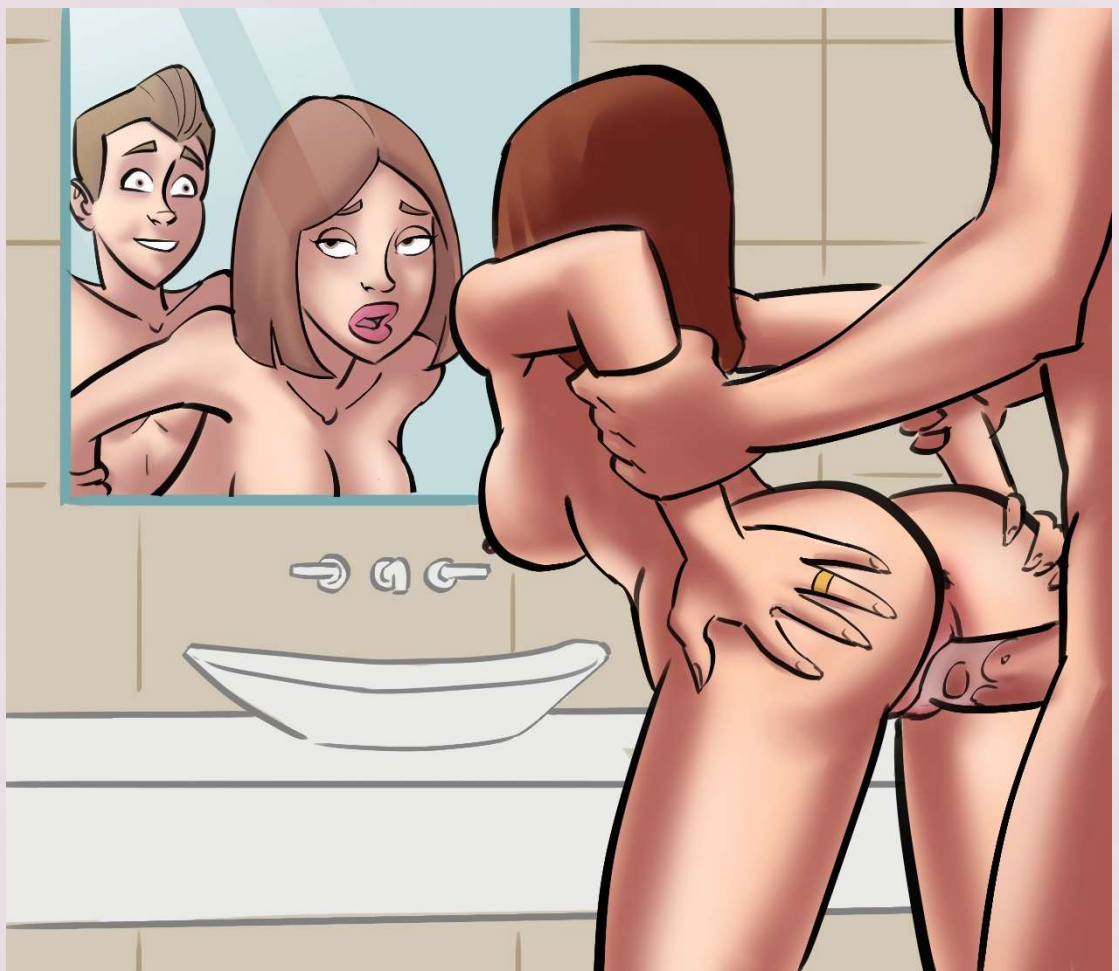
Five minutes later, Brad had his mother bent over the bathroom sink. He held tightly to her hips. His pelvis was a blur. "I'm sorry ... Mom. I didn't mean to be ... disrespectful ... I ... just ... uh ... uh ... uh ... can't help myself."

"That ... makes ... two of us ... Bradley." Tracy made eye contact with her son through the mirror.

Brad's pants were pooled around his ankles. His phone beeped at him from a pocket down there. "That's probably ... Becky ... again."

"We ... agreed ... we wouldn't ... ugh ... answer her." Tracy glanced from her son's reflection to hers. She looked like such a slut that she barely recognized herself. She quickly

looked back at Brad's face. He was red from exertion and breathing hard, but she had never seen him look so happy.



"We agreed ... we wouldn't do this either ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... but I don't ever want to ... take it out of you."

"Oooohhhhhhhh ... Bradley." Tracy climaxed, her son's words sending her over the edge. Not long after, he emptied himself deep inside her. It was heaven on earth for Tracy.

The dam holding back their animal instincts had collapsed. Before an hour had passed, with her husband still working on the shed, Tracy dragged her son to the car, and they left the house. There was a vacant home that had sat on the market for a long time. There were no showings scheduled for that day. And it had a hot tub.



"You're speeding, Mom. You never speed." Brad's face paled as he clutched the armrests, pressing himself against the backrest.

"I ... just ... really need it ... Bradley." In the driver's seat, Tracy had a steely grip on the steering wheel, her eyes staring down the road ahead. When they arrived, she screeched the car to a halt. They were barely inside the home before their lips locked in a deep kiss. Tracy's phone beeped from her purse. Brad's phone beeped a minute later from his pocket. The alerts fell on deaf ears.

"Gosh ... Mom ... you're so hot." Brad said between kisses. They stripped as they moved across the house toward the hot tub in back,

leaving a trail of clothes.

"Hotter ... than ... Becky?" Tracy hadn't meant to ask this. She had experienced Becky first hand, so she knew that probably no woman was hotter than Becky.

“A million ... times ... yes.” He saw her panties fall to the floor, and his hand found her slit. They paused to let him finger her in the middle of the empty living room.

“Ohhhhhhhh ... honey ... I can’t believe that’s true.” But she could believe it. She’d always had a sixth sense for when Brad was lying. He really thought his mother was the hottest.

They humped in the hot tub for a long while, all twenty fingers and twenty toes thoroughly pruned by the time they finally got out and air-dried. Naked and leaking sperm, Tracy found her phone. Her husband and Becky made up all the myriad missed messages. She texted her husband to let him know that she had had to show a house at the last minute and that Brad had tagged along. She continued to ignore Becky. “Your father expects us home soon. We should get dressed.” She saw the feral look in his eyes. “No Brad, we should really wrap this up. We can do it more tomorrow. Your father will wonder ... mmmmmpppppphhhhhhh.” She opened her arms when he rushed her. She kissed him with passion. She took one more load from behind while gripping the mantelpiece.

That night, both Tracy and Brad went to bed early. They were utterly exhausted.



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On Monday morning, Tracy's husband woke her bright and early. Groggily, she put on a robe and helped him get ready for work and saw him off. She let Brad sleep in. He needed his rest. She called his school to let them know he wouldn't come in. She waited and waited for him to wake up, but eventually her need became too great. Like a woman lost in the desert, she burst into the oasis of Brad's room. She woke him with her lips wrapped around his cock.

"Good morning, Mom." Brad met the world with a smile. He placed a hand on the back of her head, pushing his cock deeper into her throat. He eased up when she gagged.

"Ggggggpppphhhhhhh." Tracy pulled herself off his penis and stared at him with thirst. Saliva dripped down her chin. "You're not going to school." She discarded the robe and climbed on top of him. "You're going to be inside Mommy all day. Sound good?"



"Heck yeah." Brad held up his hand palm out. His mother looked at it like this was some new sexual maneuver. He laughed. "I just want a high five."

Tracy's laugh was soft and self-deprecating. "Oh, sure." She gave him an awkward high five and settled on his penis. She humped him so hard that the bed began to scoot away from the wall. She didn't care. Nothing mattered but his long rod deep inside her. Completely ignored, Brad's phone beeped at them. Tracy was somewhere between her fourth and fifth orgasms when the doorbell rang.

Her hips stopped and she looked down at her son's sweaty face in a panic. "I ... um ... wasn't expecting ... anyone."

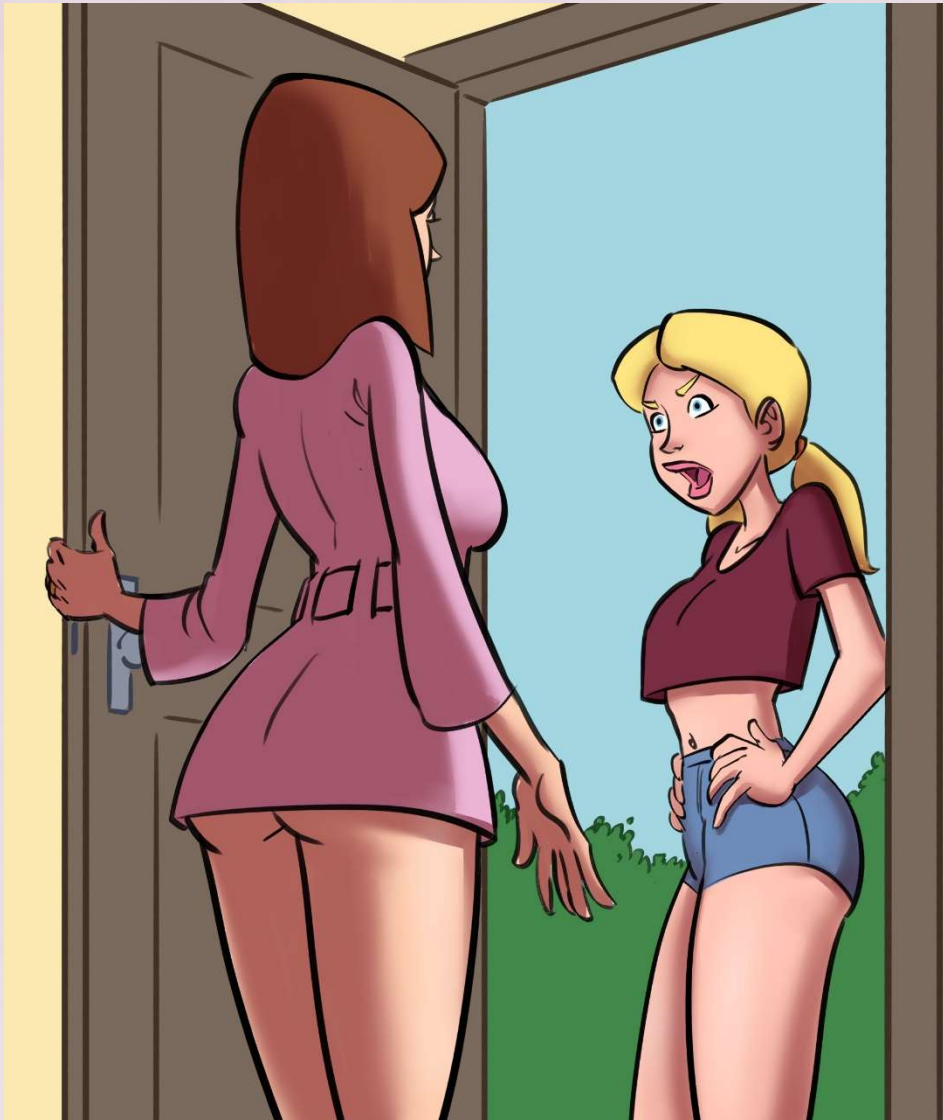
"It ... has to be ... Becky." Brad rested his hands behind his head. He was incredibly comfortable and had no notion of leaving his bed. "Ignore her. We agreed ... we'd ignore ... her."

"Okay." Tracy started her hips again and tried not to think about the young woman standing right outside. But the doorbell kept ringing. After a few minutes, she quickly dismounted Brad. "I can't ... have her ... lean on the doorbell ... all day," she panted. She slipped on her robe. "Stay here. I'll send her away." She kissed Brad on the forehead and left him with his tool standing straight up.

Downstairs, Tracy hesitated in the front hall. She brushed her hair with her fingers and took a deep breath. When she opened the door, she saw Brad was right.



"Really, Mrs. Potter." Becky stood with her hands on her hips looking very cross. "I thought I trained you better than that. You *have* to answer my messages. Do you understand? You can't ignore me or there will be *consequences*."



Tracy held the door slightly open. Confronted, she lost all courage. She regarded her bare toes. "Um ... sorry ... Becky. We've just been ... busy."

"I can fucking guess what you've been busy with. Look at you. You're a filthy, sweaty mess." Becky made a great show of sniffing the air. "And you reek of sex."

"Sorry." Tracy looked up and scanned the road. Thankfully, there was no one about.

"Now let me in so we can discuss your punishment." Becky moved toward the door, but stopped when Brad appeared behind his mother. "There you are, Brad. What were you thinking? We love each other. You can't lose

yourself in this bitch's snatch."

Anger surged inside Brad. His face flushed with rage. He stepped up protectively behind his mother and put an arm around her. "Shut it, Becky. You ... you ..." He tried to think clearly. His ex-girlfriend's mocking smile pushed him over the edge. "I don't love you. You aren't kind. You ... you ... manipulate people. I love Mom." He lifted his mom's robe above her ass without any idea of what he was doing. He was following the urge to mark his territory in front of this conniving woman.

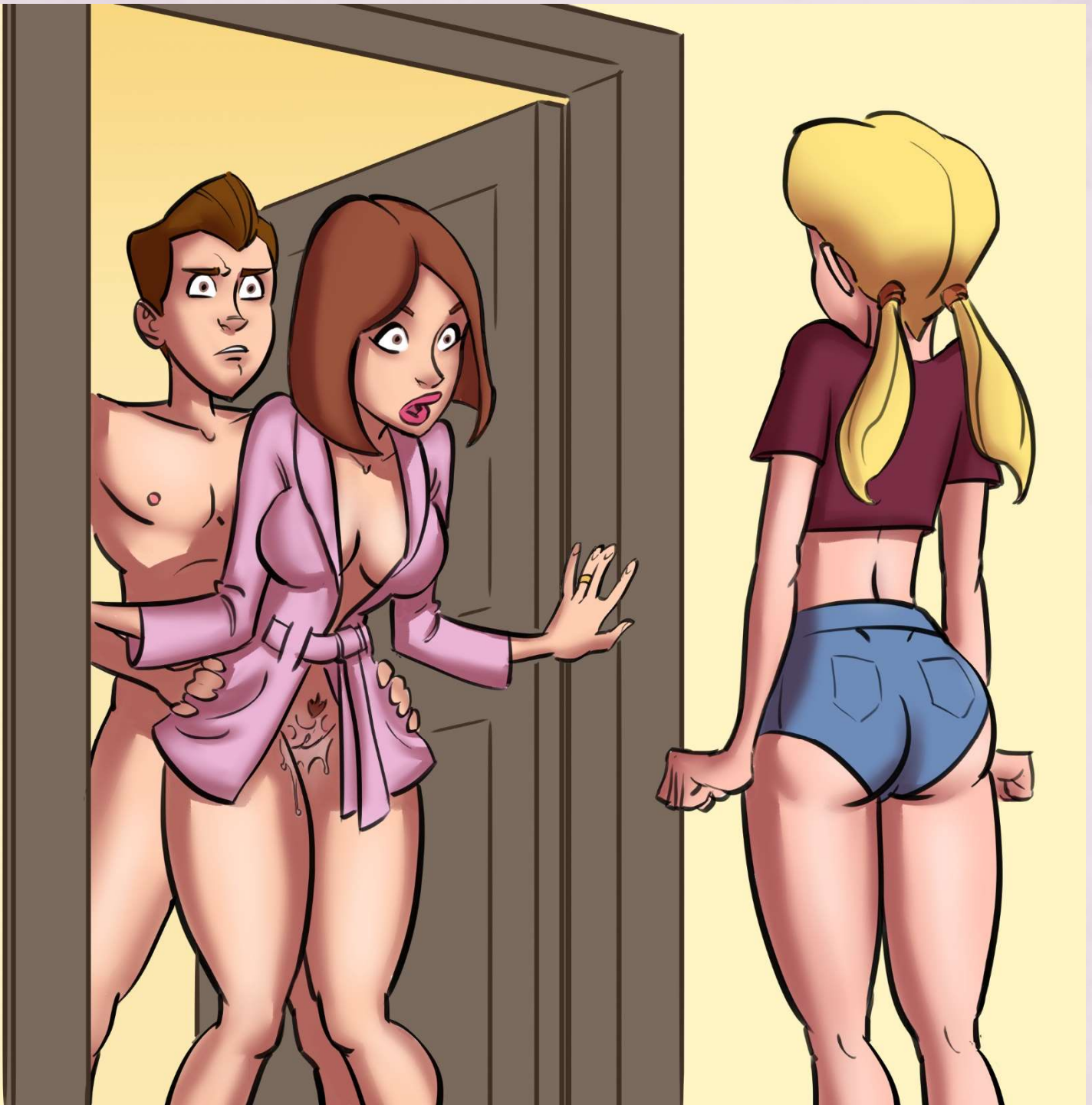
Tracy was so cowed by the situation that she stood in the doorway unmoving, praying that Becky would somehow go away.

"How dare you." Becky pushed at the door, but Brad had his foot wedged behind it. "You can't leave me. I'll tell everyone about you two." She could feel this was the last gasp with the Potters. There was no other card left to play.

"I don't think so." Brad shook his head slowly. "And if you do, I'll tell your parents about all the stuff you've been up to. They'll kick you out and cut you off."

"I ... I ..." Becky put a hand to her chest. She looked at Tracy, trying to gain some traction on the situation. "You're my wife. Give me your ring."

"No." Tracy did not hand over the ring as she'd done all those other times. Instead, she opened her eyes wide in surprise as her son entered her from behind. She bit her lip and braced herself as he lunged into her with slow, steady strokes.



"It's ... ugh ... over ... Becky." Brad stared her down. "I love ... my mom. And she loves ... uh ... uh ... me. Go home." He guided his mom by the hip so that she stepped to the side. He slammed the door in Becky's face.

Becky stood on the front step for a long time, staring at the Potters' stupid door. She could hear Tracy's orgasmic wailing from the other side. She was wet, angry, and completely confused. No one had ever said no to her before. Eventually, she turned around and walked back to her car. It really was over. She supposed she would have to find herself another boyfriend. Preferably one with a hot mom.



THE END